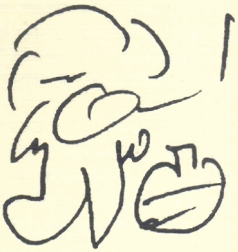
CHARLES BUKOWSKI

"then
I gave up and started drinking
heavily."

Buk

C. Bukowski



PIG IN A PAMPHLET 12

INTRODUCTION FOR SOMEONE WHO NEEDS NONE
by Harry Calhoun

Charles Bukowski is pretty much a textbook case, an inspiration for those discontented with the poetry-publishing runaround. A fellow who labored for years in relative obscurity, his fiction and poetry and columns collecting like the patient years -- and suddenly, he rockets from the muck like an atomic-powered pig! But not like a spring chicken. It's taken him quite a while to attain the status he has in America.

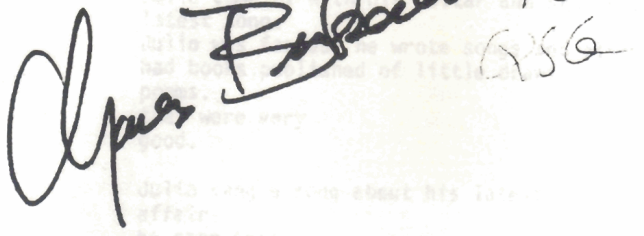
In Europe, where ideas are still held in some regard, he has been extremely popular for some years. Rightly so; his style is seemingly facile, but legions of imitators have failed to capture his forthright manner and doomsday wit.

Buk was born in Andernach, Germany, in 1920; as most of you know, he has been known to have a drink now and again. Enjoys the females and the ponies, albeit for different reasons. His philosophy? Well, as he says in these pages:

> "contentment between agonies is the elixir of existence."

Somehow, through the hardships in Bukowski's poetry and fiction, it's the contentment that strikes the reader as important, that sticks with us -- and that takes Buk far beyond the survivalists. That, and unvarnished honesty.

first edition
Signed
15.00
1956



song

Julio came by with his guitar and sang his latest song.
Julio was famous, he wrote songs and also had books published of little drawings and poems.
they were very good.

Julio sang a song about his latest affair.
he sang that it began so well then it went to hell.

those were not the words exactly but those were the meaning of the words.

Julio finished singing.

then he said, "I still care for her, I can't get her off my mind."

"what will I do?" Julio asked.

"drink," Henry said, pouring.

Julio just looked at his glass:
"I wonder what she's doing now?"

"probably engaging in oral
copulation," Henry
suggested.

Julio put his guitar back in
the case and
walked to the
door.

Henry walked Julio to his car which
was parked in the
drive.

it was a nice moonlit
night.

as Julio started his car and
backed out the drive
Henry waved him a
farewell.

then he went inside
sat
down.

he finished Julio's untouched
drink
then he
phoned
her.

"he was just by," Henry told
her, "he's feeling very
bad..."

"you'll have to excuse me,"
she said, "but I'm busy right
now."

she hung
up.

and Henry poured one of his
own
as outside the crickets sang
their own
song.

the magic machine

I liked the old records that
scratched
as the needle slid across
grooves too well
worn
you still heard the voice
coming through
the victrola speaker
as if there were a person
inside that
mahogany
box

but you only listened while
your parents were
not there.
and if you didn't wind
the victrola
it gradually slowed and
stopped.

it was best in late
afternoons
and all the records spoke
of
love.
love, love, love.
some of the records had
beautiful purple
labels,
others were orange, green,
yellow, red, blue.

the victola had belonged to
my grandfather
and he had listened to those
same
records.
and now I was a boy
and
I heard them.
and nothing I could think of
in my life then
seemed better than listening
to that
victrola
when my parents weren't
there.

a tragic meeting

I was more visible and available then
and I had this great weakness:
I thought that going to bed with many women
meant that a man was clever and good and
superior
especially if he did it at the age of
55
to any number of bunnies
and I lifted weights
drank like mad
and did
that.

most of the women were nice and odd
and most of them looked quite well
and only one or two were really dumb and
dull
but JoJo
I can't even catagorize.
her letters were slight, repeated about
the same thing:
"I like your books, would like to meet
you..."
I wrote back and told her
it would be
all right.

then along came the instructions
were I was to meet
her: at this college
on this date
at this time
just after her
classes.

the college was up in the
hills and
the day and time
arrived
and with her drawings
of twisting streets
plus a road map
I set out.

it was somewhere between the Rose Bowl
and one of the largest graveyards in
Southern California
and I got there early and sat in my
car
nipping at the Cutty Sark
and looking at the
coe-eds--there were so many of
them, one simply couldn't have
all of them.

then the bell rang and I got out of my
car and walked up to the front of the
building, there was a long tall row of
steps and the students walked out of the
building and down the steps
and I stood and
waited, and like with the airport
arrivals
I had no idea
which one
it would be.

"Chinaski," somebody said
and there she was: I8, I9,
neither ugly nor beautiful, of
average body and features,
seeming to be neither vicious,
intelligent, dumb or
insane, just a very normal
normal.

we kissed lightly and then
I asked her if she
had a car
and she said
she had a car
and I said, "fine, I'll drive you
to it, then you follow
me..."

JoJo was a good follower, she followed me all
the way to my beat-up court in east
Hollywood.

I poured her a drink and we talked very
drab talk and kissed a
bit.
the kisses were neither good nor bad
nor interesting or un-
interesting.

much time went by and she drank very
little
and we kissed some more and she said,
"I like your books, they really do things
to me."
"Fuck my books!" I told her.
I was down to my shorts and I had her
skirt up to her ass
and I was working hard
but she just kissed and
talked.
she responded and she didn't
respond.

then
I gave up and started drinking
heavily.
she mentioned a few of the other
writers
she liked
but she didn't like any of them
the way she liked
me.

"yeah," I poured a new one, "is that
so?"

"I've got.to get going, "JoJo said,
"I've got a class in the
morning."

"you can sleep here," I suggested, "and
get an early start, I scramble great
eggs."

"no, thank you, I've got to
go..."

and she left with
several copies of my books
she had never seen
before,
copies I had given her
much earlier in the
evening.

I had another drink and decided to
sleep it off
as an unexplainable
loss.

I switched off the lights
and threw myself upon the
bed without

washing-up or
brushing my
teeth.

I looked up into the dark
and thought, now, here is one
I will never be able to
write about:
she was neither good or bad,
real or unreal, kind or
unkind, she was just a girl
from a college
somewhere between the Bowl and
the dumping grounds.

then I began to itch, I scratched
myself, I seemed to feel something
on my face, on my belly, I inhaled,
exhaled, tried for sleep but
the itching got worse, then
I felt a bite, then several bites,
things appeared to be
crawling about me...
crabs? hell, what?

I rushed to the bathroom
and switched on the light
and I could see
the tiny dark
specks...

my god, JoJo had fleas.

I stepped into the shower
stood there
adjusting the water,
thinking,
that poor
dear
girl.

never

squeese out that extra poem unless it arrives by itself.

this is the extra poem and it's not arriving by itself

so I don't expect it to
work.

I am using this poem to fill in the space as I drink my last glass of wine
tonight.

it has been a satisfactory night: I viewed an excellent boxing match
earlier

powdered the cats for fleas

answered two letters
wrote four poems.

some nights I write ten poems
answer six letters

drink more

but in all things
the idea is a gentle
consistency.

now this glass of wine is almost
•

I watch the cars peeling off the freeway out there.

contentment between agonies is the elixir of existence.

the glass of wine is empty.

good
night.

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Harry Calhoun, Editor
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